THE HAUNTED LOVER

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

——"Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel." SHAKESPEARE.

Not always—yet how better could I hear
That she should never leave me than come thus,
Whene'er my spirit might know joy or peace,
To hurl it shivering to its midnight cell.

* * * * * *

And she is beautiful—ay, beautiful
As the first glimpses of a dream of love
In some young poet's Fairy-land! Her eye
Is an unfathomed glory! and her life
A maddening sweetness! She is beautiful—
And yet her beauty is more fearful far
To my guilt-burning heart and shrinking gaze
Than could be any hideous shape sent forth
From the dense dark of the eternal prison.

* * * * * *

I watched a moonrise on the sea
And dreamed myself in Fairy-land;
My heart was gone awhile to be
At rest on an Elysian strand;—
But a wild'ring shape of beauty from
The silent Empire of the Dead
Passed slowly o'er the pearly cloud,
And mockingly inclined its head!
I heard the wings of Midnight rush
To bear the black weight of the storm
Across the Alps! and felt a gush
Of frenzied joy—but that bright form,
In the fiery flash of lightnings moved
Along the bursting thunder-cloud,
Sent thro' my heart one burning gaze,
Writhed a slow, scornful smile and bowed!

* * * * * *

Beside the Rhine! In ruined towers
I met the spirits of the winds
That sang and died in feudal hours—
Oh, how their haunted magic binds!
Thro' the clasping ivy-vines I gazed,
And, by a column lone and gray
She leant—I felt a frenzied chill,
And veiled my eyes and fled away.

* * * * * *

In *Italy*! Sweet skies above,
Fair flowers and glorious graves below—
The land of loveliness and love,
The land of ruin and of woe—
There in Egeria's storied haunt,
While dreams of softness gathered fast—
One brighter than the nymph of old
I saw—and shuddered as she passed.

* * * * * *

Upon Zahara's burning waste
Whene'er a green spot met mine eye,
And my scorched lip was bent to taste
The cooling stream—*she* glided by!
Where the twilight of the ages gloams
O'er temples under Grecian skies,
Amid the Orient's myrtle stems,
The Arctic ice, she still would rise!

* * * * * *

I stood by Jordan's sacred stream—
And *she* was gazing from its deep,
And, in a burning glory-dream
Of God and Heaven, on Sinai's steep,
I saw her pass o'er the solemn sky—
Why had she come to haunt me *there*
When will her fearful beauty cease
To darken earth, sea, sky and air?

THE MARTYRED WIFE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Prominent in that great revolution of nearly half a century ago, by which the oppressed and down-trodden natives of Columbia sought to free themselves from the miseries of Spanish rule, as exercised by the blood-thirsty minions of the corrupt and tyrannical Ferdinand VII., was one General Don Jose de Fernandez, who, finding himself and compatriots very likely to be overthrown, took refuge far in the interior of the country, leaving behind him a young and beautiful wife and infant child.

About this period, as if to increase the horrors of that distracted country, those memorable earthquakes occurred which destroyed so many cities and villages, and filled the hearts of the survivors with trembling awe, at what they believed to be a special visitation of displeasure of the Almighty. Of this the clergy took advantage, and hurled their anathemas against the rebellious horde, who had dared to take up arms against the rightful power and rule of the Lord's annointed; and so effectually did they work upon the superstition of the natives of the soil, that, believing they were fighting against both God and man, they hailed with delight the amnesty offered by the Royalists, laid down their arms, and once more came under the yoke of subjection; when, finding themselves again established in power, the revengeful and blood-thirsty rulers began a series of oppressions, persecutions, and cruelties, as malignant as were ever recorded in the annals of civilization.

Among those who had accepted this amnesty, and returned to the bosom of his family in Caracas, was the young and valiant Don Jose de Fernandez. At first he seemed to be received with marked favor, and was permitted to take the oath of allegiance, under the belief that all his past errors were pardoned; but he soon learned, through an anonymous note sent to him, that his previous offenses were neither forgiven nor forgotten, and that the authorities were only awaiting a favorable moment, when his seizure could be effected with impunity, to make a terrible example of him, as one of those rebellious leaders whom at heart they hated as bitterly as ever.

To save himself from an ignominous death, Don Jose was advised to break his parole, and fly quickly, speedily, and far. He communicated the information to his wife, and urged her to take her infant and escape with him; but she, the most noble of her sex, knowing that the absence of all parties would at once arouse suspicion, resolved to remain, and thus by her presence deceive the authorities into the belief that he was still near, even while he should be making good his flight to a place of safety.

But while preparing for his escape, and before he had actually left his dwelling, an emissary of the revengeful Captain General appeared, to conduct him to headquarters, under the plea that he was wanted there for an examination.

The noble wife met the messenger at the threshold; and to his inquiries for her husband, she replied, that he had been suddenly taken ill, and was not then in a condition to bear removal; but that, so soon as able to be abroad, he would pay his respects to his Excellency.

This was simply an ingenious ruse, prompted by true affection, to account for his absence, and gain time for his escape. But the report which the officer made to his superior, produced a result which the noble woman had not anticipated; for, with a show of feeling, the Captain General immediately dispatched his confidential surgeon, Don Alfonso, to render Don Jose medical aid.

On the appearance of the old physician, the anxious and trembling wife took him aside and made him her confidant—revealed to him her entire plan for her husband's escape, and the reasons for the step she had taken. The doctor, unlike the officials with whom he was associated, was a man of feeling and principle, and he at once resolved to assist her, and, as far as lay in his power, furnish means for the escape of the young general, whom he both knew and respected.

To be brief, the plans of the two succeeded; and under cover of night, disguised as an old slave, Don Jose de Fernandez quietly left the city for parts unknown.

On his return to the palace, the old surgeon reported that his patient was out of danger, (which he was in truth,) and that there was consequently no further need of his services.

A few days elapsed, and Donna Manuela received intelligence of the safety of her husband. He had made his way to the sea-coast, and embarked for Curazao, a place of safety, where he should anxiously await the arrival of his beloved companion.

But what could Donna Manuela do, alone, surrounded by official enemies and government spies, and with an infant in her arms? how hope to reach the sea-coast in safety with her child? and to whom could she confide the secret of her husband's place of refuge? No! for the present she must remain, and abide the consequences; but alas! she little dreamed how terrible they were destined to prove.

When it became known that Don Jose had really effected his escape, the rage of Monteverde, the Captain General, knew no bounds. Supreme in authority, he had but to command to be obeyed. His first infamous order caused the arrest and immediate execution of the officer who had brought him the false intelligence of the illness of the fugitive; his second consigned to the deepest and darkest dungeon, his tried and faithful surgeon, who had been on his staff and was considered one of his household.

In prison, branded as a vile traitor in league with rebels, the humane and faithful old surgeon was put to the torture, and every means which infernal ingenuity could devise was resorted to to wring from him a confession involving his accomplices. But the good doctor, having had no accomplices, had nothing to confess, and consequently the inhuman efforts of his merciless superior were without avail. Then followed his condemnation; and he was rudely dragged back to his chains, to await the hour of his public execution.

The tragic day soon came. The morning of the 16th of June, 18—, rose as fair to the view as if no hellish deeds were about to be perpetrated beneath its peaceful light. At an early hour all were astir at the palace and throughout the city. The Captain General appeared in full uniform, sparkling with brilliant decorations, the insignia of many a hotly contested field. The guards were doubled, and all the avenues leading to the entrance of the palace were strictly watched. Aids-de-camp went dashing hither and thither, conveying orders of vigilance to the commanders at different points. It was feared the natives would again break out in another terrible rebellion, and all connected with royalty were on the alert for danger.

As the day wore on, and the crowd began to collect in front of the prison in the Cathedral square, where the execution was to take place, low murmurs and whispers were heard among them. The good doctor was beloved by the army and all who knew him, and there was no telling what turn affairs might take. The rabble, as they were styled, soon filled the streets and almost obstructed them. The officer of the day cleared the avenues, and placed batteries in the cross-streets to sweep them in case of necessity, while lines of infantry stood with bristling bayonets ready to charge, and squads of cavalry hovered in the rear, prepared for a quick and furious onset. All was thus made ready for the bloody scene about to open.

Slowly, as the deep and heavy bell solemnly tolled the fatal hour, the victim of tyranny, almost broken down by the physical sufferings he had undergone, was led forth, to the beat of the muffled drum, toward the place of execution, a priest walking on either side of him, and either offering him spiritual consolation, or beseeching him to make a full confession ere the fatal moment should arrive. A few minutes later he was seated upon the bench where he was to meet his untimely fate, with a file of soldiers drawn up before him, ready for their work of death, and awaiting in breathless silence the signal of their superior to pour in their volley and set his noble spirit free.

At this critical moment, when all was hushed expectation, and every eye was turned with anxious gaze, either upon the prisoner or him who held his life in his hands, a low murmur of many voices was heard, followed by a slight swaying to and fro of the human mass that blocked up the rear; and then suddenly, to the amazement of all, a human figure, closely muffled in a cloak, burst upon the scene, and, rushing to the prisoner, sunk down upon the ground before him. Instantly an officer sprung forward and seized the intruder, when the long cloak dropping from her head and shoulders, disclosed to the astonished spectators no less a personage than the young and beautiful wife of the fugitive General Don Jose de Fernandez, who suddenly and almost wildly exclaimed:

"Save him, for the love of Heaven! oh, save the good Don Alfonso! He is innocent—I alone am guilty—and upon my head let your vengeance be visited!"

But the prayer of this lovely and noble being was unheeded.

"Away, vile wretch, to the dungeon to where you belong! and seek not to interfere with the administration of justice!" cried the enraged official, who immediately gave orders to have her removed to prison.

As the poor lady was being dragged, moaning and sobbing, from the presence of him who had saved the life of her husband at the expense of his own, the fatal signal was given. Instantly there came a deep and heavy roll of the drum, then a heavier roll of musketry, and the noble victim fell forward on his face, a bleeding and ghastly corpse.

A few hours later that heroic and devoted wife was dragged, half-fainting, from her dungeon to the *Sala del Audiencia*, or Chamber of Audience, and there confronted with her most bitter foe, the vile and blood-thirsty Monteverde. He questioned her sharply, and swore she must either confess who were her accomplices, or be herself sent to the rack.

In vain the poor lady protested that she had no accomplices—that what she had done she had done alone, with no other motive than for the salvation of him whom she loved—the husband of her bosom—the father of her child. The Captain General would not believe her tale, but pronounced her a vile traitoress, more deserving of death than he who had just been punished; and at length, foaming with wrath at finding himself baffled, he exclaimed—

"Away with her to the vaults of the Inquisition! and put every engine into requisition, to make her disclose the vile secrets of her damnable heart!"

This mandate was obeyed by his willing minions, and soon the awful rack almost tore asunder her delicate limbs, but it forced from her no new confessions, because she had nothing more to reveal.

Finding himself still baffled, Monteverde gave orders that she should be again brought into his presence, and scourged to the death.

"And ere she dies," he exclaimed in fury, "let her infant rebel be brought and put to death before her, that I may wring her stubborn heart, if indeed it have one touch of maternal feeling!"

Bleeding, fainting, more dead than alive, the poor lady was again dragged before the monster, and having been partially revived by some restoratives, which the attending physician administered, she was again questioned. But to no effect. Her child was next produced, innocently prattling in the arms of its colored nurse. On perceiving her infant, Donna Manuela became nearly frantic.

"Oh, merciful God! my child! my child!" she cried; "what do you with my child! oh, give it me! give it me! poor little innocent!"

"Speak! confess!" said Monteverde, "and the child shall be placed in your arms unharmed, and yourself go free; refuse to disclose what you know of this vile treason, and the infant shall be brained and cast at your feet!"

This failing to produce the desired result, for the reasons already stated, the Captain General ordered the nurse and child to be sent to prison, and the poor mother to be scourged to death.

Let us not dwell upon the horrid scene. The executioner was sent for, and La Senora Manuela being stripped to the waist before her inhuman tormentors, the last cruel work was begun. Under the first dozen lashes she began to droop; the second dozen left her scarcely life; and as the executioner paused in his work of butchery, and the physician examined the pulse and features of the pale and bleeding victim, her quivering and now livid lips were seen to move.

"She is about to confess!" cried one.

"Hark! listen! lose not a sentence!" cried the anxious Monteverde.

The lips again moved, and low, but distinctly, issued the words, which filled more than one heart with rage—

"*Viva la patria! mueren los tiranos!*" "Long live the country! death to the tyrants!"

The Captain General swore a terrible oath, and gnashing his teeth, and fiercely twirling his long moustache, he shouted, above the howl of rage and disappointment which greeted her answer—

"In the name of the Infernal! madam, where have you concealed your traitorous husband?"

Straightening up her bleeding and lacerated form, turning her soft, dark eyes, with a fierce, lofty look, full upon her merciless interrogator, and suddenly wrenching both arms from the attendants who held her, and bringing both up with convulsive force to her breaking heart, the Spartan wife and mother exclaimed, in a wild, thrilling tone—

"*Here! in this heart! whose last throb is for him!*"

These were the last words that ever passed her noble lips, and as she uttered them, her spirit suddenly took its eternal flight, and her frail, delicate body sunk to the ground a bleeding corpse.

They raised the body from the floor and examined it carefully; but when it was found that death had snatched from them their victim, and the Captain General saw he had been foiled in his hellish designs, he spurned the bleeding and lacerated body with his foot, exclaiming—

"A curse upon such contumacy! May this be the fate of the whole treacherous horde! Bear forth the detestable carcass, and let none dare pollute the earth by giving it Christian burial."

Among the spectators of this barbarous scene, there was one officer who stood with folded arms, and silently watched the issue of the murderous transaction; and as the body of the martyred lady was being removed, he hurriedly unbuckled his sword, hurled it at the feet of the bloody tyrant, and swore he would never more wear it to disgrace the name of a Spanish soldier. Suddenly plunging into the crowd, this man escaped, and making his way through the lines to the sea-coast, he joined the fugitive husband, to whom he recounted the atrocious deed. Together, then, these two men took a solemn oath of vengeance, and together they plotted the downfall of their inhuman oppressors. Fortune favored them. Another rebellion broke out, and after various reverses, they marched as conquerors to the capital, taking deep and terrible vengeance upon all who had wronged them.

The foregoing may be relied upon as strictly authentic. The friend who related to us the tragic incident, was for many years a resident of South America, and subsequently became acquainted with both the father and child, the latter then grown to man's estate. From the lips of General Don Jose de Fernandez himself, now a venerable hero, he received the thrilling story which he detailed to us, and which, in turn, we have so briefly laid before the reader

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.

A SKETCH FOR MEN OF INFLUENCE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

The court had adjourned, and some of the leading members of the bar were assembled at the residence of Judge Worthington, who had presided at the session. There were several youthful lawyers present, beside some who were not connected with the legal profession. The conversation had turned upon social themes, and many words were spoken without much sense or meaning.

"We have but one life to live here on earth, and we must make the most of it," said Worthington, allowing his warm social feelings to rule his speech.

"That's so," responded some half-dozen, in chorus, who were ready to applaud anything the old judge might say.

"Give me joy to-day, and let the morrow take care of itself," resumed our host, in hilarious tones.

And again was he thoughtlessly sustained. But one white-haired man remained silent and sober. This was Lemuel Beekman, one of the finest lawyers in the State, and one of the noblest hearted men. Beekman's life had been a sad one, and part of his story was known to all of us. He was born in Virginia, and at the age of eighteenhe had graduated, and was admitted to the bar at twenty-one. A few years he retained his position, and then he fell. He became a drunkard of the most abject kind, nor did he fully recover his manhood until the silver touch of age was upon his head. Now, however, he was as firm as a rock in the way of Right, and no power could move him to temptation.

"Judge Worthington," said Beekman, in an earnest, solemn tone, "you do not mean what you say."

"Yes—I mean exactly what I say," replied the judge. "Give me joy for to-day."

"But you do not mean what your words would seem to convey," persisted the old lawyer, in the same earnest, serious tone. "You are impressing the minds of several young men who are present, and I am sure the lesson you have just let fall from your lips is not one which you would give to a son whom you were about to send out into the world."

At first Worthington seemed inclined to be offended at this freedom, but gradually his good nature came back, and he asked Beekman what he meant.

"I'll tell you what I mean," replied the old man, "and I know you will pardon me for the liberty I take, when I assure you that I do it for the good of those about me."

All eyes were at once turned upon the speaker, for his tones were solemn, and there was a gathering moisture in his eye which told of feelings deep and powerful.

"Few men are aware," he said, "of the vast influence which words, lightly spoken, may sometimes have, and especially when they come from the lips of those who occupy stations of trust and honor. Every man must exert some influence, and he may make that influence good or bad, as he will. But it unfortunately happens that most of the bad influence which comes from those who are right at heart, proceeds from deeds of thoughtlessness, or from words spoken without any real intent or meaning. I will tell you the story of my first fatal fall, and you may then know what I mean.

"When I was twenty-two years of age, I had settled in Hanover county, and was doing a good business. I was flattered on all hands, and my circle of acquaintance was as respectable as it was extensive. But in the midst of all those blooming flowers and buds of promise of my youth, there lurked one enemy. I did not fully realize his power then, but there was one who did. My widowed mother saw my danger, and she warned me of it. 'Lemuel,' she said to me—and she said it many times—said it with tears and prayers—'you are not safe while you tamper with the wine-cup. You are not like others of your acquaintance. You have a constitutional inability to use wine moderately. You inherit it from your father. If you do not cut off the habit entirely and forever, it will surely work your ruin.' And then she would beg of me to give her my pledge that I would touch it no more. Had I given my mother that pledge I should never have broken it; but I could not do it then. I could not meet my friends in the district, and refuse the social glass. I told her I would not carry it to excess, but she only shook her head, and replied that I had no power over an appetite which I dared not wholly conquer.

"Time went on, and I continued to attend to my increasing business, but I was becoming more and more a slave to the cup. I could see it plainly. I often became wholly intoxicated at night, after the court session was over, but my friends put me to bed, and not many knew of my weakness. My mother saw it, however, and she still plead with me. Finally she made arrangements to go on a visit to New York, and before she went she labored with me once more. There was a court to be holden some fifteen miles distant, at which it was necessary I should attend, and on the very next morning my mother was to start. I knew that I should not be able to return in season to see her off, but I promised to meet her at a certain point on the river, where she would have to stop, and which I could reach without trouble. Before I left her that day, she once more urged me to give her the pledge she had labored for so long. 'If you give it to me, I shall feel safe,' she said, 'for I know, as I know Heaven itself, that my son would not break a solemn promise given to his mother!' And she was right there. Had I given that promise, no power could have swerved me from the faith.

"But I would not give it then. I knew that when I once spoke the word my social fate would be fixed, and I hesitated. Finally I gave my mother this promise: Said I, 'when I meet you to-morrow morning, I will give you my final answer. I will be resolved upon the question.' She saw the sparkle of my eye, and she was content. She made me promise for the twentieth time not to fail of seeing her, and then I left her. I rode alone to the distant court-house, and on the way I pondered over the subject I had in hand. I knew that my course was a dangerous one—I knew that there was no safety for me while I tampered with the enemy. A hundred times had I firmly resolved that I would only drink a few social glasses with my friends, and then stop; but almost as often had I drank on until sense and reason were gone. I brought up all the social pleasures, all the joy and hilarity of the convivial circle, and all the troubles I should have to encounter in refusing to join in the revelry, and then against these I put the safety of myself, and the happiness and peace of my mother. This last consideration carried the day, and before I reached my journey's end I had resolved that I would give my mother the pledge. Oh! would that I had thus made up my mind before I left her that morning! Would to God I had taken the pledge then. But I felt not the danger which a few short hours of hesitation can beget. I had come to a conclusion to do right on the following morning. I did not think how much better it might be to commence then.

"The business of the day was done, and in the evening we were assembled in the parlor of the tavern. I had not drank during the session, for I meant to see my mother with a clear head. I did not feel that I was cut off yet by my resolution, for though the die was cast, yet there was a term of limit which had not expired. In short, I had only resolved that my mother should have the pledge, and until that time I felt that I was my own master.

"The name of our presiding judge was Rowland. He was an old man, much honored and respected, and looked up to by all the younger members of the bar with respect and confidence. He was present in the parlor, and as the weight of the woolsack was removed, he became jolly and humorous.

"'Let cares and sorrows take care of themselves!' he said, at the same time tossing off a glass of wine. I shall never forget his words, for I caught them with a strange avidity, and the devil of appetite within me kept them echoing in my ears. 'Why should we make it night, when we can make it day just as well?' the old judge added, with a happy smile. '*Give me joy while I live, and when I must be sad let me die.*' '*A short life and a merry one before a long life and a sad one.*'

"Such were some of the thoughtless, meaningless sentences that fell from his lips, but they had a quick and deep impression upon me. I caught the dangerous inspiration—my soul felt the old flame—and I grasped the wine-cup with a strange enthusiasm. Those few words from the lips of one whose position I honored, spoken at random as they were, turned me about in my track. Could I have gone on till the next morning, and given my mother that sacred promise, all might have been well; but I joined in the wassail with a reckless zest—we drank and played till a late hour—drank till I knew no reason—drank till I was helpless and senseless. When I came to myself the night had passed, and another day was far advanced. I bathed my fevered brow—swallowed a glass of spirits to bring back my scattered energies—and then hurried off to meet my mother. But I was too late. The vessel had been gone over three hours when I got there, and I was informed that the captain had waited an hour for me at that.

"I returned to my home, and never saw mother again! She died in New York from a sudden sickness, and I was left alone. Oh! how many times did I wish I had only given her that promise, for I should surely have kept it. There is a mystery in this appetite for wine which I cannot fathom. I was too weak to conquer it alone, and I sank. I sank till I was poor and degraded, and there I remained for years, an object of pity to my friends, and a subject of scorn to those who had never known me before. You all know the sad story of my degradation, and I need not repeat it. I can only say that help came at length. It came to me in a dream, in which my mother appeared, and I gave her the pledge. I bowed my gray head and solemnly promised her, believing that her spirit was near me, that I would be a man once more. I have kept the pledge, and I will keep it while I live.

"And," added the old man, with much feeling, "I will never let fall from my lips a word which can lend its influence for evil, if I have sense to know it at the time. Looking upon the speech of an old man as something which may have influence, one way or the other, I will try that from me it shall be only good. Light words and light actions may seem to pass harmlessly away, but many a man, wrecked and ruined upon the sea of life, can call to mind some slight event of the past—perhaps only a word—which gave a false direction to his compass, and led him away from his true course.

"Forgive me, gentlemen, for interrupting you. I have spoken only what I believed to be true, and I trust I have not offended."

Judge Worthington was the first to rise to his feet. He grasped the old man by the hand, and having thanked him for the lesson he had given, he turned to the younger members of the company.

"Beekman is right," he said. "Forget the words you heard me speak, and remember the counsel he has given. I, at least, will remember it, and I hope I may live up to it."

ANCIENT TABLE CUSTOMS.

The ancients set us a good example in the improvement of the time occupied in taking their repasts. There was always something to excite and gratify the higher nature, while the animal man was refreshed with good cheer. Music and the relation of stories were the accomplishments of the feast, whether domestic or special, as early as the time of Homer, of which the tables of Alcinous, Menelaus and Eumaeus may be taken as examples. Among the later Greeks the *Skolia*, short songs adapted to be sung at repasts, were the product of the same propensity to combine the pleasures of intellect and taste with those of appetite. Some of these were exquisitely beautiful, and what is more surprising, for the times, they are almost all characterised by a high and pure moral tone. Some of them clothe in verse a patriotic sentiment or commemorate the name of some illustrious hero or martyr of liberty. Others enounce an ethical sentiment, such as the shortness of life, the vanity of human pursuits, the transitoriness of sensual pleasure, and the like. "The very *Skolia* or drinking catches of the Greeks," says Bishop Hurd, "were seasoned with a moral turn; the sallies of pleasantry, which escaped them in their freest hours, being tempered, for the most part, by some strokes of the national sobriety." "During the course of their entertainments," says Athenaeus, "they loved to hear, from some wise and prudent person, an agreeable song; and those songs were held by them most agreeable, which contained exhortations to virtue, or other instructions relative to their conduct in life." The sublime ode of Aristotle "To Virtue," was a *Skolium* or dinner-song.

The Spartans were content to season their frugal repasts of black porridge with concise apothegm and sharp repartee. In fact, the public dining-room was one of the most effective places of Spartan education.

The grave Roman had his *reader* (anagnostes) generally a highly educated and accomplished slave, who had been formed by an expensive training in elocution, to read in a graceful and effective manner. One of these was always present to read and thus suggest subjects at the family repast, of useful and entertaining conversation.

Nepos mentions it as one instance of the combined frugality and elegance of Atticus that his *anagnostes* were trained in his own family, that they were admirable readers, and that he never dined without having something read at table, that the mind of his guests, as well as their appetites, might be gratified, *for he only asked those to dine who were of like tastes with himself.*

A PATTERN FRIEND.

There are different modes of obligation, and different avenues to our gratitude and favor. A man may lend his countenance who will not part with his money, and open his mind to us who will not draw out his purse. How many ways are there, in which our peace may be assailed, besides actual want! How many comforts do we stand in need of, besides meat and drink and clothing! Is it nothing to "administer to a mind diseased"—to heal a wounded spirit? After all other difficulties are removed, we still want some one to bear with our infirmities, to impart our confidence to, to encourage us in our *hobbies* (nay, to get up and ride behind us) and to like us with all our faults. True friendship is self-love at second-hand; where, as in a flattering mirror, we see our virtues magnified and our errors softened, and where we may fancy our opinion of ourselves confirmed by an impartial and faithful witness. He (of all the world) creeps the closest in our bosoms, into our favor and esteem, who thinks of us most nearly as we do of ourselves. Such a one is indeed the pattern of a friend, another self—and our gratitude for the blessing is as sincere, as it is hollow in most other cases! This is one reason why entire friendship is scarcely to be found, except in love. There is a hardness and severity in our judgments of one another; the spirit of competition also intervenes, unless where there is too great an inequality of pretension or difference of taste to admit of mutual sympathy and respect; but a woman's vanity is interested in making the object of her choice the God of her idolatry; and in the intercourse with that sex, there is the finest balance and reflection of opposite and answering excellences imaginable!

PURSUIT OF PLEASURE.

We smile at the ignorance of the savage who cuts down the tree in order to reach its fruits, but the fact is, that a blunder of this description is made by every person who is over eager and impatient in the pursuit of pleasure. To such the present moment is everything, and the future is nothing; he borrows, therefore, from the future at a most usurious and ruinous interest; and the consequence is, that he finds the tone of his best feelings impaired, his self-respect diminished, his health of mind and body destroyed, and life reduced to its very dregs, at a time when, humanly speaking, the greater portion of its comforts should be still before him.